Volume LXI CHICAGO, MAY 28, 1908 Number 13

UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion

Official Organ of the Congress of Religion

FAITH.

Encircled by thy certain love
  I rest, O Father, in thy arms,—
And naught on earth, below, above,
  Can fright me with alarms.

Though Death walk daily at my side,
  With pleasant face or visage grim,
I smile, assured thou wilt provide
  The light when eyes grow dim.

Serenely, then, I wait the call,-
  And ask not haste nor yet delay,—
Content, since nothing can befall
  To lead thy love astray.

May, 1908. ALTHEA A. OGDEN.

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN."

VOLUME LXI | THURSDAY, MAY 28, 1908 | NUMBER 13

THE GRASS.

Around the world once more your banners sweep,
  O thou triumphant legion of the grass!
  You shake the hill and valley as you pass;
Across the rivers and the seas you leap.
The music of your marching wakes from sleep
  The forest and the field and the morass
  And in thy fragrant train, a starry mass,
The blossoms all like constellations creep.

What power is thine, O army of sweet peace!
  To you at last all victories belong;
  All battlefields are thine beneath the sun;
To every sorrow thou dost bring surcease.
What vanquished empire but hath heard thy song?
  Answer, O Egypt; answer Babylon.

—*Edward Wilbur Mason.*

The type made Professor Clark, of the Alfred University say something very bad in his article concerning "The University's Relation to the Moral and Religious Life of its Students." He said (see page 170, issue May 14th) "Devilment of any sort should lead straight to the day of doom." The printer's imp made him say,—"Development of any sort should lead straight to the day of doom." How bad a thing that would be for a professor to say!

The man who invented the nimble epigram—"Ours is a government by parties," perpetrated a great fallacy. So far as parties dominate today, it is a mis-government in city, state and nation. The foolish squabbles and expensive and wicked *in*-activity at Washington these days is a scandal and a crime. Both Republicans and Democrats are playing chess at the nation's expense. The Prohibition and Socialist parties have a *contention* that is definite and worthy of consideration. The other parties are like two men overboard quarreling to get possession of the same plank with which they hope to save their lives.

UNITY's knowledge of events in the gaming field is drawn largely from the wild and fierce cartoons of Briggs and others in the Chicago dailies. We have never been enabled to discover the origin and scientific meaning of the familiar word "Fan," as used in connection with the base ball field. From these cartoonists we learn that some "great event" occurred in Chicago last week. It was the raising of the world champion pennants somewhere on the outskirts of the city at a "base ball park." Spite of rain, there was a great crowd, great enthusiasm, and great noise. What was it all about? Who won; and what does it signify? Meanwhile sociological and religious conferences in Chicago were poorly attended. A Methodist bishop in reply to the charge that there were more women than men in the churches, said, "Yes, but there are more men in the prisons." But men and women crowded the uncomfortable seats at the base ball park. What is the feminine form of the word "Fan?"

UNITY has for many years maintained "strained relations" with cat-lovers. Certain insinuations against the intelligence, loyalty, and public service of the feline family have lost us, in the past, perhaps a subscriber or two. Now that the department at Washington has opened war on the cat, we may look for an unexpected invasion of the feminine into politics. Be that as it may, we are glad that the Agricultural Department of the government is undertaking to educate the public concerning this over-indulged pet. In this case civilization has degenerated the animal. It is less intelligent, courageous, and powerful than the original panther, from which it has been degraded. In proportion as the cat is a luxury as a pet, in that proportion is it less useful as a mouser and more content to take its outing in destroying the more available victims, the birds and birdlings, which it does not need, and whose place it poorly fills. Again we venture the opinion that the domestic cat is over-worked, and with the growth of science and the humanities, it has got to go.

Two recent events at the Abraham Lincoln Centre in Chicago deserve publicity. The Oakland, Felsenthal and Forestville public schools in the neighborhood gave a charming entertainment consisting of national cradle songs interpersed with national dances, etc. The entertainment was given at four o'clock in the afternoon; the admission was ten cents for children, twenty-five cents for adults, and the capacity of the auditorium of the Lincoln Centre was taxed to its proper limits fifteen minutes before beginning time. The doors had to be closed and several hundred children and adults were turned away. The little ones inside enjoyed to the utmost limit an entertainment that was chaste, simple, innocent, and with cultural value. It was hard to tell which enjoyed themselves more,—the little ones on the platform or the little ones in front. A few nights later the pupils of the Forestville school gave a much more ambitious performance in a highly creditable way. Milton's "Comus" was rendered to music written by Henry Lawes in 1634 and Thomas Arne in 1785. The masque was costumed and rendered as a school study

in literature, history and drapery. The actors were all of the Forestville school, reaching from the eighth grade downward, and still the rendition was such as to command the attention and admiration of the dramatic critics and the dramatic profession, which was well represented at the performance. This again was a revelation. It came in as a regular part of the literature study of the school. Only one copy of the music is known to exist in Chicago and that was found in the Newberry Library, and the scroll was copied by hand for the use of the pupils. The masque with its happy variety of May pole and other dances and country ballads and a fine chorus of a hundred voices was a thing of beauty that will be remembered long by those who witnessed it and must form a permanent part in the life memories and discipline of those who took part in it. It was a timely illustration of the value of literature as a training for the young. After all, the master bards who represent life, human life, must ever hold their pre-eminence as masters of culture over the tuition of the laboratory and the bench, valuable and imperative as these later instruments of culture are and belated as is the recognition of the same. The teachers of the Forestville school deserve the thanks of the community. They have made a contribution to the intelligence as well as to the refinement of those who have thus unexpectedly been brought under the spell of the great master bard, John Milton.

The Western Unitarian Conference.

Last week the representatives of the Western Unitarian Conference in the west were assembled in their fifty-sixth annual meeting. There was the usual discussion of "Sunday School Methods" and the stereotype problem of the "Young People, How to Reach Them," and true to the Unitarian tradition more than a glance at the latest and hottest questions in philosophy. This glance was best represented by a paper on "Pragmatism" by Mr. Dodson, of St. Louis, which paper was secured for the columns of UNITY and will appear in due time.

We hope that the secretary or other members of our editorial staff particularly interested in the Conference will, in due time, furnish these columns with such detailed account of the proceedings as we are unable to give for it is many years since the writer of this notice has been enabled to indulge in the luxury of attending conferences.

The "Radicalism" of today among Unitarian religionists as elsewhere is shifting from theological to sociological ground. It is hard to create much interest, still less create a distrust of heresy in questions pertaining to the thought of God, Christ or the Bible in these days, but questions of civic administration, economic justice and industrial adjustment never fail to awaken interest and arouse discussion. The names of Ferguson of Kansas City, Spence of Hinsdale, Mills of Rockford and Forkell of Aurora suggest that the Conference was alert on the sociological not to say socialistic side of religion. A sleeping baby in its cradle at the Hull House, whose mother was out working earning her day's bread, was a text that stirred at least one speaker to effective utterance.

Back of all these questions, independent of the program which always is interesting at an Unitarian gathering, is discoverable the more fundamental question of "to be or not to be." Questions of policy and of administration this year promised high discussion and vigorous action but as on previous occasions, what electricity there was in the cloud was very largely exhausted before the storm broke.

A tendency to concentrate missionary money and interests at the one national headquarters at Boston from which helpers and helpfulness is to radiate and the tendency to multiply centers, to localize responsibilities and to encourage the initiative, not in one but in many sections and centres had their representatives and the "much to say" on both sides. Naturally the western spirit, the remoteness from Boston, as well as the past history of the Western Conference would lead to the second policy and naturally the accumulated capital, the perfected organization and the preponderance of the material in the East would lead to the former theory.

The opportunity of making of the Unitarian denomination a truly representative body based upon the idea of the republic seems to have passed by, when Dr. Bellows of New York, the most prophetic organizer the denomination has yet developed, failed to lift the national Unitarian Conference, the body which he was largely instrumental in creating into executive efficiency. When it was remanded into the realm "of merely advisory," the other policy obtained and has held an ascendancy that is likely to last a long while.

But it would be humorous were it not so pathetic to find the Unitarians like all the other denominations devoting so much sincere attention to the *form* of missionary work, of Sunday School activities and how-to-get-the-young-people-devices, while the question of substance is so imperative.

The old contentions have lost much of their commendation and the old rallying cries do not inspire. While the convictions are profound, the cause is urgent, the contentions definite and important there is no time to discuss forms and no need of discussions for forms will grow fast enough. The Sunday School is not one of *method* but of *matter,* so also is the missionary cause. The denominational Unitarians like other denominational men are finding their inspirations slipping through their fingers, their proprietary rights in their own contentions denied or ignored.

The situation in Chicago is typical. The few Unitarian and Universalist churches in Chicago are not so well attended and do not occupy the leadership which they did in the days of the Collyers, Herford, Ryder, Staples, Powell, and Savage, but their fundamental contentions in theology, the interpretation of religious problems from the standpoint of evolution and higher criticism is being frankly, freely and forcibly set forth Sunday after Sunday by fifteen or more other churches not bearing the name either of Unitarian or Universalist, and their contention is more effective with a larger constituency because it is not handicapped with the implication of a schism or of theological controversy.

The delegates at the recent Unitarian Conference, like their associates in other denominational gatherings were called upon to work out problems higher and perhaps to a degree quite different than they were conscious of. Their sincerity, frankness and ability were valuable contributions to the church that is to be and the religion that is to satisfy reasonable men and help form the democratic church.

What Should Be the Christian's Attitude Toward Socialism?

What is a Christian, and what is Socialism? A Christian is a human being who has come into conscious union with God the Father through Jesus Christ, and so is living a complete and full life. He lives in two worlds, in the world of ideals and eternal relationships, for he is a citizen of heaven and a member of the immortal family of God's children; he also lives in the world of time and sense, and is thoroughly at home on the earth, though he realizes his temporary relations to it. As a child of God, he must be about his Father's work, deeply concerned with all that can improve the lives of God's other children. As a fellow-worker with God, he must work while the day lasts at whatever task his hands may find, in realizing the Kingdom of God on earth as it is in heaven.

Socialism is a philosophy, an idea and a practical program. Its goal is the control and management of all the sources of wealth and the means of its production and distribution. Its great foe is capitalism. It would convert all the vast accumulations now held by individuals and corporations into the property of the community or the state. It would do away with the idle rich and the idle poor, and would substitute emulation for competition as the motive power in society. As feudalism had to give way to monarchy, and in turn monarchy to democracy, so it claims the next great step will be socialism. I need not further attempt to describe this movement, but will simply ask, what shall be the Christian's attitude toward it?

First of all, I would say the Christian must sympathize with some of the ideals of socialism. The abolition of poverty and idleness, the transformation of drudgery into pleasurable activity, the equable distribution of the burdens of life and society among its members, these are conditions we are all working and praying for. Second, the Christian must always sympathize with those who are looking forward with the greatest eagerness to this great change, namely, the disinherited and the unprivileged classes. The Christian who is not concerned with ameliorating the condition of the poor is not worthy of the name. Therefore in ideals and in motive the Christian and Socialist have much in common. But when it comes to the actual, practical program of the Socialists as an organization or party, we are obliged to pause and ask whether we are ready to walk together.

I would say there are three things which we need to beware of in this matter, first, do not look for panaceas. There are none, either in the physicial, industrial or spiritual work. We find endless specifics, but no panaceas. As a panacea for all the ills that the body politic is heir to, Socialism will fail as completely as Christian Science fails to cure all physical ills. Second, do not try to create revolutions. It has been said "a revolution is a delayed evolution," and revolutions are dreadful things, and should be avoided as one would avoid a severe sickness. It is infinitely better to improve society by the steady and continual process of actual evolution, rather than by forcing a revolution for which the world is not ready. Third, do not harden your hearts. The temptation to bitterness and hardness of heart is strong these days, especially to the rich, who become deadened to the sorrow and the sufferings of the unprivileged and to the very poor, who realize their own wretchedness and hopelessness. Bitterness and hardness have no place in the Christian's heart, whether he be at the top or at the bottom of society. The great bulk of the human family, especially in a country like this, belongs neither to the miserably rich nor to the miserably poor, and it is in this great middle class that the hope of humanity rests.

In considering Socialism as a practical and political program, I would say, first, the Christian must be allowed the right to exercise his free judgment, as in all other matters. The difficulties to be overcome are enormous, not only on the part of the great capitalists, but more on the part of the habits of thought of the rank and file. I feel it will take more than one generation to convince the average man that the Socialist program is wise and practical. It will not be strange, therefore, if Christians are found not only lacking in enthusiasm for it, but actually opposing and condemning it. We must therefore have charity for those who are not ready yet to accept Socialism as the next great thing to be desired. Second, in working toward this ideal, the Fabian or opportunist state of mind seems wisest. History is being made with great rapidity, and if we will stand still and see the salvation of the Lord, we shall very soon be able to determine what He is doing and what is His plan, and our duty will be more clear. Meanwhile, we may well hesitate to "shuffle off the mortal coil" of our present social state and "flee to other ills that we know not of," for Socialism is as yet a most imperfectly tried experiment.

Third, as Christians we may perhaps be doing the largest work for the social ideal in simply following our Master's example, in teaching and going about doing good as we have opportunity. To make those already Christians better Christians, to extend the area of the Kingdom of Heaven and to make men clean and kind and humane is probably our largest social service. If it be true, as Josh Billings says, that "before we can have an honest horse-race, we must have an honest human race," it is still more true that before we can have an ideal social state, we must have honest, brave, intelligent and reliable members of society.

ARCHIBALD HADDEN.

(*First Congregational Church, Muskegon, Mich.*)

THE PULPIT

David Swing, Poet-Preacher

BY REV. JOSEPH NEWTON.

CHAPTER IX.

THE HARVEST YEARS.

The death of Beecher, in 1887, touched Professor Swing with a keen sense of personal sorrow as well as of national loss. They had long been friends, and, in a sort, fellow-workers, each the pride and glory of his city. To a friend he wrote: "His death does not sadden us by only its own single, dark shadow, but also by its reminder that a great troop of these mighty ones is marching into the shadows. Beecher's passing seems the passing of a generation. Parker, Phillips, Sumner, Chase, Grant, are hurrying away, leaving to new hands interests the greatest ever committed to mind and heart. There must be a Fatherland to which these great citizens repair when they have finished their labors on earth." One knows not where to find a better brief estimate of a notable pulpit career than in Swing's memorial tribute to the Man of Plymouth Church, unless it be in his appreciation of Phillips Brooks eight years later. A few lines from that tribute are worth while:

"As Goethe absorbed all the sweet odors and bewildering fancy of Germany, as Shakespeare caught all of his age in his wide mental dragnet, thus Henry Ward Beecher became Americanized, and under his ministry there grew up a new form, both of politics and religion. The nationalism and humanity which led slaves up out of bondage could not do otherwise than lead God's children out of old Puritanism, with its election, its predestination and literal and eternal fire. For many years, without any intermission, rolled forth his eloquence about justice as between man and man and as between God and man. . . . Having descended by lineage and having ascended by his mind and soul from an old and quite iron-like shape of Christianity, Beecher stands in a significant sense for our Christian period. Reason and kindness combined in this one priest at the altar. Imagination, fancy, wit, humor, pathos, language, originality, great enthusiasm, great happiness and great physical power, were some of the virtues and blessings which heaven bestowed upon this most gifted child. Coming into the work of the ministry over forty years ago, he has from the beginning of his active service been a new interpreter of the words, and laws, and dreams of Christ. He has been revivalist, and philosopher, and philanthropist, and poet, and politician, and theologian quite judiciously mingled, and thus has moved along, not as a cannon-ball, but as a gulf-stream. . . . It is difficult to make a survey of such a career without ceasing to be a calm critic and becoming a worshiper. I stand by a stream of eloquence which all through these many summers has never once gone dry, or fallen low, but which has run bank-full of waters sweet and bright. The coldness and deadness of style which long marked and palsied the pulpit are not seen in the sermons of Stanley, Farrar and Beecher. They recall a eulogy of an ancient: 'What they touch they ornament.' . . . Beecher was amazingly fertile. He seldom, perhaps never, quoted poetry; his words did not come down from memory, but up from a heart which could not repeat any former hour. To the benevolence of a Wilberforce he joined the eloquence of a Webster or a Clay; he did not have an eloquence that could express history, but an eloquence that could make it. . . . He was himself so bold and tolerant that he makes it easy for his age to reject many of his own opinion. But after these rejections have all been made, and justly made, there will remain abundant reason for a nation's gratitude and the gratitude of the church."

Few even of his friends knew that Professor Swing was asked if he would consider an invitation to succeed Henry Ward Beecher as pastor of Plymouth Church. This honor he declined on the ground that he could not leave Central Church, and on the further ground that he could not, at his time of life, uproot himself and expect fruitful growth in a new field. He had lived in Chicago many years, had seen it rise from smoke and ashes, and he loved it—that is, as well as he ever loved any city; for he always referred to his coming to Chicago as "the time when I left the cradle of the country for the tomb of the city." Central Church had grown to be one of the great Protestant congregations of the world; and as such it still lives and labors in the city where its founder was for so long a chief ornament and distinction. He is a graceless biographer who quotes from a critique—a parody, in fact—upon the work of his subject. But such documents are exceedingly valuable, and the one before me may help to mark more clearly the misconception which Swing suffered in not a few minds in the latter part of his life. In 1887 there appeared in the *Inter Ocean* an anonymous critique of Swing and his work, from which we read:

"David Swing is, without doubt, the most accomplished essayist in Chicago. He is not, in any proper sense of the term, a preacher. He is a stranger to the exhortative method. He deals in metaphor, and utters a mild mixture of modern philosophy and diluted scripture in a style in which a rhythmic rhetoric and a barbarous elocution are constantly at strife. The result is a singular and most admirable kaleidoscope. He has no system. He belongs to no school. He is eminently Pauline. He is all things to all men—some say to all rich men. But what of that? After all, the rich are human if not humane. . . . He may be all things to all men but an orator. That he can never be to any man. Swing's continued success excites surprise. The church-going element in America is easily enamored of oratory. The fluent and impassioned orator, like the late pastor of Plymouth church, fascinates thousands, where the exquisite rhetoric, the ingenious structure, and the humane spirit of the Chicago essayist would quietly charm the esthetic few. The former issued his words of instruction and love from lips which quivered with magnetic fire, while the latter utters everything in that same woe-begone, nasal whine which can be heard nowhere on earth but in Music Hall. The most astonishing tribute to Swing's grace and power as a writer is seen in the willingness of more than three thousand suffering mortals to listen to him as a speaker once a week. Added to a personal presence singularly unattractive—a face, the lower half of which is suggestive of frozen sensuousness, while the upper half indicates anxious thought—and a physique without form, is the elocutionary manner of a country undertaker inviting the cousins of the corpse to take the last look. And yet he holds and sways three thousand people every Sunday.

Is this a sufficient explanation of Swing's power? Scarcely. Prof. Swing is the *via media* between two extremes, the soothsayer of a religious transition. One can always go to Music Hall sure of two things: first, a literary treat; second, the deft administration of a mental anodyne. A sensuous and delightful haze pervades the scene and all asperities of language and creed are softened thereby. The single object about which there are no curved lines and nothing but angles is the physique of Swing himself. Yet for twenty-two years he has read his essays to a congregation which has constantly grown in size and in admiration. It is unfair to attribute his success to an attractive, perspicuous literary style. There is something more. . . . Wrapped up in his movement there is a splendid ethical zeal and a noble philanthropic enterprise. The Music Hall following carries on what is probably the largest Sunday School in the world, at 245 Clybourn avenue. It is a school of four thousand pupils, led by C. B. Holmes. Attached to it are a sewing school, a kindergarten and an industrial school for boys. On the corner of Twelfth and Halsted streets a mission school is conducted. The funds are raised in Music Hall, and at the Eastertide the financial question is settled for the year.

Personally, Prof. Swing is the best of good fellows, though slightly restrained and self-conscious before strangers. With his familiar companions, however, he is amiable, humorous and wonderfully entertaining. Among his friends he numbers Lawrence Barrett, Eugene Field, Ben King, Opie Read and many others of the Bohemian circle which has no church affiliation, but which does not hesitate to clasp hands with a man with cultivated tastes and noble purposes, who is at the same time a stranger to the stupid prejudices which make righteousness repugnant and form a commercial trust for the dispensation of salvation. He stands before the community in a unique light. Free from all restraints save those of reason and good taste; exercising an influence through the intellect and tastes of society; respected as a citizen, loved as a friend; if he were only a preacher he might be termed 'the sweet singer of Israel.'"

It would require a volume to recount the activities of Central Church, and such labors hardly result from

an administration, however deft, of a mental anodyne. These enterprises, it must be admitted, were due more to the inspiration of Professor Swing than to his direction. He himself had little skill and less strength for such tasks. In a letter from his Geneva home he wrote: "What delight would be mine in church work could I command the strength which is mine here." But it was not to be so, nor was that his work. He was not an organizer, but an inspirer of men, a leader of thought, an opener of seeds, a philosopher, a social seer. As such he was a magnet to men. After his death a great banker said: "Swing is gone. This is a lonesome town now. I do not know what I shall do. I am a hard sort of man, an unbeliever perhaps, but I never missed my place in Music Hall. He got hold of me and made me want to be good, and I came to look for Sunday and Swing's discourses as a thirsty traveler looks for a refreshing spring along the dusty road." Young and strong men were especially drawn to him, and it would be easy to make a long list of men influential in many walks of life who were once proud to be known as "Swing's boys." Mr. W. E. Curtis, of the *Record-Herald,* writes:

"I do not know of any person except my own father who exercised a stronger influence on my life at the time my tastes were maturing and my habits were forming than David Swing. I went to Chicago in May, 1872, to take a position as musical critic on the *Inter Ocean,* which had been started two months before by Jonathan Young Scammon. I was translated to Chicago, as I felt at the time, through the influence of Theodore Thomas, who recommended me as musical critic for the new paper. George B. Carpenter and Eli L. Sheldon were partners in lecture and concert management, and were agents for the Thomas' Orchestra and other musical organizations. A warm friendship grew up between us and Mr. Sheldon and I became room-mates in a boarding house on the North Side. My father was a Presbyterian minister in Cleveland and it was natural that I should attend services at the nearest church of that faith. Mr. Sheldon also worshiped there and had an intimate relation with the pastor, Professor Swing. That relationship was promptly extended to me. Almost every Sunday evening for a year or two was spent at Swing's house, and we saw him more or less frequently through the week. He was interested in young men by habit acquired at Miami University and by choice; for his heart was always young and his soul was bubbling over with the spirit of youth. We read together and discussed books. We debated current events and gossiped. There was a literary society then, of which we were all members and which met at his home. That also was a source of a great deal of satisfaction, as well as a refining influence. These relations remained unchanged until I married in 1874, and then my wife was admitted to the coterie. . . . He was a man of singularly pure and simple nature. He attracted people to him by some mysterious influence that was entirely unconscious, but never failed to find men of his own sort. He thought well of everybody; he found good in everything. The world to him was full of light and beauty, and he could not see the evil and ugliness that was so apparent to some other people. He kept my thoughts clean; he encouraged lofty aspirations and set a pace and a standard that I have always tried to maintain. Whatever good there is in me; whatever I have done that is a credit to my race; is largely due to the influence of David Swing."

The case of Curtis was only one of many. When the professor was away on a lecture tour he would leave his study in charge of one or more of his young friends. During his vacations they often traveled with him, and he thus entered into their lives with a quiet and strong sympathy, as a friend, a father and a mentor. Young men at a distance were touched and awakened by his spirit, as witness this testimony of a young man know to us as Newell Dwight Hillis: "Fortunately, I got a volume of Swing's sermons. The sublimity of his mind and the beauty of his style entranced me. Believing I could understand him better if I knew Greek, I gave up my work, returned to Iowa and entered college. But for Swing I might not have read Greek. Without Greek I might still be a talking layman. Good old David Swing! Others have directed and inspired my life, but he came first. The one mighty preacher of beauty, he came to Chicago like an ancient Greek, built his altar, kindled his fire near the Board of Trade, said his prayers and disappeared. But he wrought in marvels. He called and Aphrodite arose out of the dregs and ugliness of slaughter-houses and the gross materialism of business. More than a teacher, he was an inspiration and a prophecy."

Such a ministry was easily underestimated because it was so fundamental and so great—underestimated even by the minister himself. "I know of no soul saved by my ministry," said Swing, in a mood of dejection. It is true that he did not exhort, that he made no effort to command. There are diversities of gifts, but the same spirit; differences of method, but the same Lord. The mission of Swing was to lead men to a larger point of view, which is the beginning of salvation, to uplift, to cheer, to woo and guide; to rule by the magnetism of beauty and the might of victorious ideas. Men who heard him, or saw him walking abstractedly along the street, felt that he was a citizen of that world of truth, of beauty, of ideality, which they vaguely felt or saw, at times, as through a glass dimly. By the magic of his insight and art he invested that world with reality and made it something more than an object of faith. Men bowed before his character, his soul, thought wistfully of their own sometimes sordid lives, and were touched with a certain sense of wonder and regret. His very name was an inspiration to the struggling soldiers of the ideal everywhere, and his faith, his humanism, his unfevered optimism were beacons in the night. He had the gift that stirs men more deeply than all other gifts, a seer-like beauty of soul,

"A power beyond the reach of art,
A pure and mighty heart."

The pre-eminent sanity of Swing in the midst of cults and cranks was one secret of his attraction. An example at once of his sanity and of his charity may be seen in his attitude toward Christian Science. He was repeatedly importuned, and as often declined, to lend his name to it. As a cult of negation, denying the bad, he thought it an improvement on the older negation which denied the good; but its optimism seemed to him too roseate and its fatalism a little fatuous. He saw no harm in its vagaries of mysticism; they were only the clouds which hang upon the uncertain horizons of all human life. "Prayers are offered," he said, "each day as the hours reach mid-day, that light may come to me through the teaching of Christian Science. There is helpfulness, no doubt, in the power of mind over matter, but the foundation stone, belief in the vicarious suffering of Christ, is wanting. Madame Guyon stood by the grave of her child without a tear; but Jesus wept. Out of the heart are the issues of life. The Quietists commit a fatal mistake. There is no evil? That is the ultimate sloth, it is surrender, it is death. The cross of Christ rises up to refute it." Never was his power of soft and calm penetration, like that of serene light, more sure than here.

The same serene sagacity he brought to the study of social problems which, after the Haymarket tragedy in 1887, and its accompanying hysteria of public madness, more and more absorbed his thought—the serenity of one who could modify the impatience of reformers with a sense of humor, a wiser estimate of values, and a power of seeing things in perspective. In a sermon on "The Dream of Henry George," he took issue, re-

luctantly, with a theory whose warp was idealism and whose woof was human sympathy, advocated, as has been aptly said, by a pen of pain "dipped in the tears of the human race." Against the theory of the book, but not against its spirit, he quoted the saying: "Give man the secure possession of a bleak rock and he will turn it into a garden; give him a nine-year lease of a garden and he will turn it into a desert." Swing, like Emerson before him, warned men not to expect from sociology what sociology can never give. If every Utopian dream could be realized, he said, society would be more comfortable, but perhaps not one whit more happy. To try to satisfy men with earthly things is to forget "the awful souls that dwell in clay." Still, we must not abate by one jot or tittle our zeal for wiser, juster and more humane laws. "The Search After Truth," truth for the state no less than truth for the altar, must be unwearying and unresting, and all must join in it with the earnestness of Isis searching for the fragments of the body of Osiris. Those who deplore bigotry in religion must not be bigots in sociology or politics. Old sociologies are no more infallible than old theologies. Thus:

"It is said that there are many thousands of men in our land who cannot secure work. Having families and having health and skill and industry, yet each day they see the bread disappear, the coal heap diminish, the children's shoes fall to pieces, the face of the mother grow sorrowful, and the home lose its games and laughter. . . . We do not want magic. We do not expect the sky to rain down manna and quails. But we all know that there is a divine philosophy that would bring happiness to the home of every industrious mortal upon earth. . . . The surface of the earth would yield bread and clothing for hundreds of millions more of people than are now here. All hunger and poverty are, therefore, needless, but to find the way to a universal welfare is the problem of problems. . . . We must listen to all who speak in the name of humanity. The Booths, the Steads, the Georges, the McGlynns may reach some mighty principle which a Gladstone may overlook. All minds should be alert, for laurels green and unfading await him who shall find some wider highway to a greater human prosperity. The unplowed fields are so large and rich that our hunger comes from man and not from God. . . . While theorists and lawmakers are thinking and dreaming of justice, love must do her work. When wisdom is in the minority philanthropy must take the throne. . . . A new capitalist may be as bigoted as an old Calvinist. The most peace is found in the old *lasser faire*, let it alone. But education has created a universal moving day, and all things must be better fixed. 'Let things go' has made all the past a heap of ruins. Volumes could not tell the folly of that. If the time has come for enlightened pulpits and for broad church views, why has not the time come for enlightened statesmanship and for broad social wisdom? . . . All must be troubled with new dreams of justice, new visions of happiness, and must overturn and overturn until the right shall come."

In such sermons—and they were many—he was at once publicist and preacher, statesmanlike in his scope and grasp and insight. So also in his survey of the war against corporations, which was becoming undiscriminating and bitter even in those days. Roman law created the corporation, he pointed out—a feat of legal acumen which excited the wonder of Lord Coke. It grew out of the fact that society has forms of business much too large for one man's life or means. Hence the legal man, "a mind without decline, a body without death." Corporations are the wisdom of man defying the grave. The evil comes when the law makes presents to one set of men, whereas it should give gifts to all or to none. But these evils do not justify us in scuttling the ship of state, and thereby losing the precious cargo brought to us from a long past. No preacher of this land has ever dealt with such problems in a more catholic spirit or with a more humane and hopeful wisdom.

Tokens of progress, of the increasing justice and pity of men, he saw everywhere. Philosophy once spent her time in looking out upon the heavens from an ivory tower, much too great a lady to take notice of humble folk. All now is changed, and the lady of the tower has doffed her robe of fur for a simple garb. Education is becoming more democratic, so that ignorance can no longer cement the public mind. Art, also, has discovered the homely beauty of the earth. Once it painted only saints and angels, but now it prefers to draw the images of those who walk amid the scenes of life and death, and to pencil the hard lot of the lowly and the woes of the poor. Bands and banners no longer hide from men the horrors of war. The decline of small dogmas in the church is caused by the uprising of the needs of the people, "Love Invading the World" in "An Age of Common Sense." Dante, could he return, would erase the awful legend over the door of his Inferno and give hope to man, or, better still, keep silent. So, in the midst of a babble of pessimistic voices, we hear the preacher talking of "The Intervening God," of "The Simpler and Greater Faith," and of "Our New Era." He said:

"Never had man a more spiritual religion than that of our period. While the students of science were raising up a material world, which many feared would become a tower, from whose summit the sky could be invaded and pulled down, behold! there arose silently a spiritual world whose height is above all heights, whose shafts sparkle in infinity. . . . From what sources none know, but there has come a feeling that church usefulness never had anything to do with minor dogmas, but resulted from the application of the teachings of Christ to human life. . . . Religion is now seen to be the spirit of all thought, the inmost soul of all our music, our art, and our great literature. What the church calls salvation the outer world calls the civilization of man; what the church calls heaven science designates as the triumph of the human spirit. Both hands point and lead the same way. What is best for man here is best for man forever, for eternity is only the lengthening of our human day or night. . . . Churches make great use of the teachings and person of Christ, but they do not exhaust him. After the church has been fed, there remain for the people more than twelve baskets full of divine fragments. The thinking multitude outside apply his morals to the slave in the field, the poor in their hovels, the laws of the state, and the amenities of the street. . . . The old icebergs of theology have drifted into a southern sea, and are melting away. All now feel that where God is there the Golden Rule must be, and that if he inhabits eternity, so do his equity and his love. This is our modern faith, a simpler and greater Christianity. It is the optimism of the earth. It shakes the poison out of all our wild flowers. Happy the young people who are just entering this arena of a free and vast faith, where many creeds mingle into one, and where many sects meet in one love for mankind and God."

"The Advent of Woman" was hailed by Swing with great joy and hope. He watched her winding in and out of the human procession and reckoned her power greater than numbers, because "her life is of a higher quality and potency; it is she who uplifts the ideals in whose light the multitudes walk." Her rise to a larger share of power in society he saw was certain, and was indeed only her exercise of the bare rights of an adult human being in a civilized state. He held that, owing to her genius for social detail, the application of beauty and of social ideals would rest largely in her hands. Such movements as that of Jane Addams at Hull House he watched with deep sympathy and interest. To him the saloon was a horror of city life—a social devil-fish to catch the loose feet of them that walk the path of the weakening will. But with woman against it—woman no longer a chattel, a toy or a goddess, but a beautiful and free spirit—he saw hope of victory, though he was wont to smile at some of her methods. As for Francis Willard, he maintained that she was a truer saint than St. Francis of Assisi, and a much better citizen—a Joan of Arc in the wars of God.

In 1891 Professor Swing made note of the twenty-fifth year of his Chicago ministry, in a brief preface to a sermon on "The Pastorate." He favored long pastorates for the reason that in the pulpit, as in the home, "three removals are equivalent to a fire." The sermon had to do with the changes he had seen in church thought and life, and was a way-mark in a great career. In public influence and esteem Swing held in these late years a position such as few have held in any city or land. Demands upon his time were innumerable, and often too exacting for his frail health. His correspondence was huge. Men at a distance, men in doubt or distress, wrote to him asking his counsel, and to each he sent a word of good cheer. Lovers deemed it an honor to have him bless their vows, and parents wished him to christen their little ones. Far and near he went to lay wreaths of hope upon the graves of the dead, as he knew so well how to do. At such times his words were touched with a tender pathos which, proceeding from a melted heart, melted all who came under their spell. No one who heard it can ever forget his tribute to Emma Abbott as she lay in Music Hall, clad in the lilac robe worn in the first act of "Ernani," with a rose in her white hand. Of another kind, and having a touch of grim humor, was the incident, typical of many others, which Dr. J. H. Barrows relates:

"A famous Chicago lawyer died in the house next to my own. He had been a man of exceedingly vicious life, notoriously successful in saving thieves and murderers from justice. The landlady of the house where he died wished to make the funeral a great occasion. She wanted sermons, both from Prof. Swing and myself. The professor called at my house before the service and said, 'Barrows, we have a rather tough job on hand.' I assented, but told him that he could pull the case through if anybody could. He kindly offered to furnish me with appropriate scripture selections. We entered the house of death together. The rooms were crowded with ex-convicts and escaped criminals. I sat next to one of the most famous murderers in Chicago. The landlady started the hymn, 'Nearer my God to Thee,' expecting the congregation to join in, but the words were not familiar to the assembly, and soon the music died out. The professor began his remarks in a low, quiet voice. The landlady stepped up to him and asked him to speak louder. He quietly declined. His sermon was a model of generalization, closing with an expressed hope that the deceased had attained unto faith. As we came out I said to the professor, 'I must confess that you are equal to such an occasion.' Several months later Prof. Swing, meeting me, said, 'We seem to meet usually at funerals; what a pity we cannot attend each other's obsequies.' I certainly could not ask for a gentler critic of my faults than the eulogist of that lawyer."

In his later years Professor Swing overcame much of the feeling of sensitiveness which the heresy trial had induced in him, and mingled more freely with his brother ministers. He frequently attended church on Sunday evenings, and always at the St. Paul's Universalist church. One evening after the service he laid his hand on Dr. Canfield's shoulder and said, "I love you. I love this church and its work. It is the only church I ever attend." Apart from his own work his chief interest was in the Humane Society, though he belonged to various societies and clubs for the advancement of learning and art. All his life, as we have seen, he walked with the companions of the sorrowful way, his humanistic temperament making him an heir of the woes of man and beast. He left off fishing in his late years, "because life now seems too sacred and sweet for me to rob even the meanest creature of it." Cruelty in any form hurt him deeply, and if a cab-driver lashed his horse he would stop the cab, get out, pay his fare, and walk the rest of the way. Of Professor Swing's fraternal fellowship Bishop Fallows gives these reminiscences:

"A course of lectures was given in my church during one of the stormiest winters I have known in Chicago. Prof. Swing was engaged to give his lecture on 'The Novel.' A blizzard raged during the evening of his coming and the snow drifts were almost breast high. But he was present at the hour announced. The audience was a small one, and in my introduction I referred to the weather and the consequent meager attendance in some words of regret. On rising, he said, 'Bishop Fallows, you and I have lived too long to make any apology for the weather and what may result from it. I am glad to greet these friends who have braved the elements to hear me, and congratulate myself that I am a sufficiently powerful magnet to draw them together under such conditions.' . . . Prof. Swing was a member of 'The Round Table,' a ministerial association consisting of twenty-four clergymen of the city, including the late Rabbi Felsenthal, Dr. Hirsch, Dr. Thomas, with leading pastors of the various churches. The exercises were always opened with the Lord's Prayer, in which all joined. Social, philanthropic, psychical and other topics were fully and frankly discussed. Prof. Swing was one of the choice spirits of that circle. We all felt the benediction of his presence and enjoyed greatly the literary taste and wide knowledge with the enlivening humor he brought to the consideration of every theme. . . . When a series of sermons was being preached by leading divines, in St. Paul's church, on the distinctive tenets of their various denominations, I requested Prof. Swing to preach on the subject of 'Independency.' Kindly, but with great earnestness, he replied, 'I do not believe in independency and, therefore, cannot defend it. I am an independent not of my own choosing. I would much prefer to be in harmonious affiliation with others in a church organization.' The longer I knew him the deeper and stronger grew my love for him. Outside of the pulpit he was a fine, discriminating critic, and an accomplished litterateur. He was a man of contemplation rather than of action, a Melancthon and not a Luther."

As Professor Swing saw it, the Columbian Exposition was, indeed, a dream city, rising as at the touch of magic into sculptured vistas and palaces of human enterprise and beauty. He felt that it would unite men, educate them, and, merged in great personal ends, they would grow in heart interest, in mind interest, in strength and challenge of soul. In very truth it was an epitome, a living encyclopedic array of the age, and thus Swing interpreted it in such sermons as "Things and Men," and "The Higher Meaning of the World's Fair." He was vice chairman, under Dr. Barrows, of the committee which arranged the Parliament of Religions, but did not take any part in its proceedings, except to read a paper before the congress of Humane Societies. On September 11, 1893, "with the great peace-bell of the fair tolling, as all hoped, the death-knell to intolerance," the parliament opened. It was an unforgettable experience as the men of many races and tribes and faiths joined with one fervor in repeating the Lord's Prayer. The Brahma forgot his caste and the Catholic was chiefly conscious of his catholicity when all met in the name of freedom, fellowship and character in religion. "Akbar's Dream" had come true, more than true, and at times the scenes were Pentecostal in their enthusiasm and prophecy. One may not say, with Ameer Ali, that it was "the greatest event of the century," but it was at least impressive and unique, and did much to call a truce to theological strife, to deepen the sense of human unity and to kindle a friendship of faiths. It was a religious revelation of man.

"I did not take part in the parliament of religions," said Professor Swing. "I was invited, and even urged, but not belonging to any particular sect I declined. I thought the congress had better be left to the creeds." This was over-modest, and many have always felt that the parliament was incomplete without some utterance from him. He looked upon the spectacle with the keenest sympathy and joy, seeing everything, even a glint of humor now and then—as when a pastor of a rural parish was conducting the devotional exercises,

and, seeing all about him the gifted heathens in their picturesque robes, and feeling that God had brought them to our very doors, prayed fervently that they might see the utter sinfulness of their ways and come to the one true and abiding faith. Swing was especially gratified with the Catholic Congress and its liberal and friendly views on the subject of public schools. He held Cardinal Gibbons and Bishops Spaulding and Ireland, all of whom he knew, in high esteem. He met many of the men from the far East, particularly Mozoomdar, of Calcutta, whom he loved as "a soul perfumed by the winds and flowers in heavenly places." But for some others—"the parlor magi," as he called them—he had no love and little respect. As may be seen in his sermon on "Building a Great Religion," in which the significance of the parliament distilled itself, he felt that the way had been paved for the working together of many faiths in a unity of spirit. To this end he lent his aid to the Congress of Religion which grew out of the parliament, though his health did not permit him to attend many of its meetings.

Old age was coming on apace, with many infirmities. But his heart was young and full of bird-song. To one who offered him birthday greetings he wrote: "We must be young even in old age, because, when a man is ninety, his church and state and city are still young. Each day they begin a new life. A new socialism is here, a new orthodoxy is here, new books are here, new art, new songs, new prayers, new beauty. The man of white hair must live and die in a new world. As age comes upon us we must console ourselves with the words of Browning:

> " 'Grow old along with me,
> The best is yet to be,
> The last of life for which the first was made.
> Our times are in His hand.' "

In tune with these lines he wrote to his friend, Dr. Kerr, as that good man passed his seventieth milestone: "Do you know why the snow settles on the head at last? I will tell you. It is because the summer then goes to the heart. The beautiful world of nature and humanity draws all the blood-red roses down to the bosom, and the old theological and critical department grows white with frost. You have come to the tranquil waters. I am so near you that I can shout to you and ask you if you can see the halcyon making her nest on the waters? May the days of that bird be many to you. Through what troubles have you and your people come to this peace! Thought has caught up with you, but it cannot outrun you. Your people have for many years had a leader. To count your years is to measure their happiness."

The world upon which David Swing looked in his last years was an agitated world, turbulent like the tumbling lake near his window. He watched its heaving restlessness and heard its passionate outcries. He felt its mighty heart-throb, its soul-thirst, its sorrow, its aspiration. He studied its titanic activities as it toiled and joked and cursed and prayed under the smoke-cloud of its puffing industrialism. He saw its fads, its cults, its reformers, its doctrinaires peddling their panaceas. He saw class arrayed against class in long drawn lines of social war. He saw men, good men, lured by Utopian dreams which, like mirages, pictured only the ideal, leaving the real in the dust below. He saw "Zarathustra" descend as from a new Sinai, proclaiming a blank atheism with the rapture of a saint and the mystical and alluring literary style of a poet. He saw heresy trials in the church, fiat money in finance, sex obsession in literature, bossism in politics, Pickwickianism in the pulpit, yellow journalism, rag-time music, and the rest of the ills infecting the age. He saw it all with clear eyes, but he never let faith nor hope drop out of his heart. He had a quiet faith that the history of man is ever the history of progress, and that truth and virtue would triumph. He believed in the present, in the future, in the coming of a better day, in the brotherhood of man, and he had the wisdom and patience of hope.

His last years were his best years, made luminous by that clearing of the inner vision which come to one who has lived the life of the spirit. It was good to see him in the glow of sunset. His large and living scholarship ripened into a rich, old-gold mellowness of culture, than which nothing more exquisite has been seen in this land. He seemed of kin to Esop and Solon and stout old Socrates; perhaps, because they were—the mighty ones—so full of peace. Nor was it far from Attica to Judea, from Parnassus to Olivet, from choral ode and fiery philippic to the parables and the sermons by the lake—only a short sail over soft seas. Deliciously poetical, fascinatingly philosophical, his last sermons were increasingly spiritual in tone, more serious, more devout, more tender. A seer-like quality added solemnity and made them the richest sermons of his whole life. As the outward shows of things mortal parted away on this side and on that, the living Truth was unveiled, and faith was not afraid to reason nor reason ashamed to adore.

During the summer vacation of 1894 he visited his boyhood home for the last time. Change and decay all around he saw. The unseen world had become so thronged with faces that it seemed less strange than the world in which he walked. He asked for the old family Bible, and, after reading the twenty-third Psalm, prayed, and the pathos of his petition melted the little circle of tears. Returning to his Lake Geneva home, he wrote to Abram Pence: "I have done nothing but labor with my hands for two months, and I feel wonderfully improved by my rest. Besides doing all my gardening, I ran a steam engine to pump water. I feel completely rested. I was quite worn out when I went on my holidays. But I feel now as if I could whip an Irishman." In this mood he returned to the altar, at an hour when the nation was in the throes of panic and unrest and threatening chaos. His last sermon was on "The Duty of the Pulpit in an Hour of Social Unrest," and the scene so shook his soul that he cried out at the end: "Oh, that God, by his almighty power, may hold back our nation from destruction for a few more perilous years, that it may learn where lie the paths in which, as brothers and loving, all may walk to the most excellence and the most happiness!" That week he fell sick with his old gastric ill, and in silence passed away. On his desk was found an unfinished sermon entitled "The Redemption of a City," which Lyman J. Gage read in Music Hall the following Sunday. The sermon closed with these words—the key-note of his life—*"We must all hope much from the gradual progress of brotherly love."*

Few more impressive scenes have been witnessed in Chicago than that on the occasion of the funeral of David Swing. The body lay in Music Hall, where his face had shone and his voice had vibrated for so many years. About him were gathered the friends and the flowers he loved so well. From all parts of the city the multitudes came until the streets were filled with mourning thousands. On the platform within sat men of every sect finding a home in that city of many faiths—orthodox and liberal, Jew and Gentile—the lines of whose creeds the great preacher

had lovingly sought to obliterate, to make way for a greater faith. All these were met together, drawn by a common grief, to testify their love for him who was the friend of all. The memorial sermon was delivered by Dr. John Henry Barrows, from which I select these words:

"We covet his skill and his temper in speaking our thoughts today. No man in our city was more esteemed by all classes of men for his humanity, which reached not only to the poor of his kind, but to the dumb animals. He was one of our three most famous citizens. It was to this place that other men of fame, coming to our city, flocked on Sunday, as they used to go to Plymouth church in Brooklyn, or as they are now found in Westminster Abbey. Our friend, your pastor and teacher, will be mourned beyond the seas, by good men in London and in other lands, and even in far-off Calcutta the tears will fall in Peace Cottage when Mozoomdar learns that his friend has gone before him. . . . It is natural for us, in comparing him with other men, to say that he ranks with Frederick A. Robertson and Dean Stanley, with Bushnell and Beecher, in the temper of his mind and the quality of his thought; but I prefer, without any comparison, to think of David Swing as a genius, unique, original, doing faithfully the work to which he believed he was called. . . . He will be remembered as a preacher of a new type. He stood before you luminous with a heavenly light, his features made lovely by his thought, discoursing of the life of man, 'the life of love, the divine Jesus, the blissful immortality.' He found in the Bible, to use his own words, 'the record of God's will as to the life and salvation of his children.' He did not preach like others, but according to the bent of his own genius. His discourse might not harmonize with Prof. Phelps' definition of a sermon; it was not always a popular speech on truth derived directly from the scriptures, elaborately treated with a view to persuasion, but there was a quiet power which moved many minds, as fiery exhortation or elaborate exegesis does not always move them. . . . His intellectual refinement was extraordinary, and it seems almost an irony of fate that this rude city of the West should have held the most cultured and aesthetic of American preachers. . . . As he felt deeply that men are to be aided best through hope and generous praise, he would not fix his mind on the evil only. He said: 'If we come to think that all are worshiping gold, we, too, despairing of all else, will soon degrade ourselves by bowing at the same altar.' He called our thoughts away to the better aspects of the age. Who else in our time has preached more continuously and persuasively the gospel of the kingdom of God on earth? Why should not men and women read for generations the thoughts of David Swing? Why should they not read him as they do Sir Thomas Browne and Jeremy Taylor or Emerson? Who can hope to clothe in more beautiful garments the sweetest forms of heavenly truth? A leader of thought, a prophet of the gentle humanities of Jesus, has fallen, and the old places which he loved here are desolate."

Brick is brick, mortar is mortar, stone is stone; but these alone did not make Music Hall. The baptism of the building to public use made it at once a forum and a shrine. And now all that is memory only, albeit a cherished and notable memory. There sounded the heavenly voice of Patti. There glided the winsome figure of Emma Abbott, with a throat full of song. There Matthew Arnold spoke in low, quiet tones, and Lowell read an essay. There shone the face of Oscar Wilde, whose life was a glory and a shame of his age. Beecher and Father Tom Burke were wholly unlike, but in Music Hall they were equally welcome and equally free. There stood Sir Conan Doyle, with a smile on his big, cheery, boyish face, followed by the stoop-shouldered, hollow-eyed Hall Caine, with his Shakespeare-like face, and the straight, agile form of Israel Zangwill. On that platform was seen the pain-drawn visage of John P. Altgeld, speaking in simple words, but with a sad heart and a soul of fire. Richard Storrs and Robert Ingersoll agreed in nothing, except in politics, yet Music Hall held memories of both. In times of sorrow or of crises citizens gathered there to listen to their orators, as when Mayor Harrison told of corrupt aldermen until it needed but one word to turn an audience into a mob. A roll of the great men of the age in literature, in religion, in statesmanship, in music, in art, could have been called in Music Hall and many a bright face would have risen out of the mist. Memories such as these made Music Hall a historic and holy place.

But all those faces vanish and there returns the gracious figure of David Swing, who made the old temple of melody famed wherever doubt confronted faith, or bigotry combatted charity. The very rafters echoed with his words—those words that the men of the mountains garnered as though they were grain, and the men of the plains cherished as they would the last drop of water; words that found the laborer at his toil, the mother in her home, the man of trade in his mart, reminding them of the higher life and destiny of man. And he, too, vanishes and we hear only the sobs of strong men unused to tears on that long-ago Sunday afternoon, when David Swing lay sleeping in Music Hall, and the sweet voices sang of the Kindly Light which leads us "o'er moor and fed, o'er crag and torrent, till the night is gone," and the morning faces smile.

Naval Parades and Battleships

Suspicious men who cannot trust their neighbors
  Are ever on the "ragged edge," I guess;
And as a consequence their conduct savors
  Of what may well produce unpleasantness.
A man in constant dread of being gouty
  Anticipates a vast amount of woe
Which those escape who, being strong and doughty,
  Rest well assured they will continue so.
A nation, fretting lest some neighboring nation
  With boom of cannon may disturb its sleep,
Is likely by some base insinuation
  To cause the merest scratch to fester deep.
Would any prudent man, sane, bright and hopeful,
  Whose neighborhood a perfect model is,
Scamper about in constant terror, fearful
  Lest his good friends should turn to enemies?
And as a safeguard and complete protection
  Against imagined possibilities,
Invest his surplus funds in a collection
  Of firearms on such vague hypotheses?
If joyous health be man's condition normal,
  Why should he stuff his grip with drop and pill
On every jaunt he takes, or visit formal,
  As if he had a penchant to be ill?
Those who least anxious are oft fare the better:
  To live in dread of what may never come.
What would you think if some good friend should tell you:
  You may not live at peace in your own home
Unless you make it known to all about you
  You keep a brace of pistols in your room?
Or, that you may be killed at any moment
  Unless you carry with you a big stick
Concealed beneath some portion of your raiment,
  With which to give your neighbor the first lick?
Are such the lessons learned at the peace congress,
  Held at our "special instance" at The Hague?
Is this the way we furnish an example
  How peaceable adjustments should be made,
When haughty nations in their pride would trample
  On lands they have no business to invade?
Or is there some calamity impending,
  The like of which we never saw before?
If not, it may be that this grand manoeuver
  Is just to squander money on a mammoth show.

Monroe, Wis. J. W.

*Some of our readers may think that the columns of UNITY are growing too somber on account of our persistent dwelling upon the grewsome side of war. We are glad that a Wisconsin reader of UNITY has found that in our pages, which has started his rhyming machine, and we are glad to print the lilting lines, the ethical intent in which atones for whatever lack of merit in the form. Perhaps the intensity of our President on the subject of battleships and big clubs can be ameliorated and corrected best by the cartoonist and the humorist. Where argument fails a ballad may win, and we give place to the subscriber, who writes, "I read with much interest the editorial in UNITY of April 23, under the heading, 'Has the Tide Turned?' I enclose some lines suggested by the reading."

THE WATCH TOWER

Watchman, tell us of the night;
What its signs of promise are!

The Week

Thaw Again Declared Insane. A decision was handed down by a Justice of the Supreme Court in New York last week; Harry K. Thaw was declared insane and that it would be unsafe to give him his liberty. Also it was asserted that his original commitment to the asylum for the insane at Matteawan was legal and that the public safey demanded his retention in the asylum until he is sufficiently cured to avoid any danger of a recurrence of the "brain storm." Apparently this settles the matter for the present and undoubtedly to the satisfaction of the general public.

New Postoffice at Chicago. By decision of the committees of the Senate and the House in conference at Washington, $1,250,000 will be appropriated for the purchase of a site for a new postoffice building on the West Side in Chicago. The original appropriation of the House was $750,000, but the Senate increased the amount to the above figure and it is now expected that the bill will pass carrying this appropriation.

The Situation at Washington. The record of the commonly called "do nothing" Congress has not been materially changed in recent days except by the addition of various corpses to the political graveyard, where most all the progressive measures of the President and others have been laid to rest. It is now agreed that no currency measure will be passed and that little, if anything, will be done in compliance with the commendable suggestions of President Roosevelt. It is now rumored that the latter will call an extra session of Congress demanding that some attention be paid to the needs of the country. If the Republican Congress does not succeed in defeating Secretary Taft—who will undoubtedly be the nominee of that party for the presidency—at any rate, it seems assured that several of the present members of Congress will be invited to remain at home as soon as another election permits the people to be heard from.

Experiments with Air Ships. It would be natural to expect that no great progress would be made in the navigation of the air without many mistakes, serious accidents and frequent injuries. On one day last week two immense air ships were wrecked with serious injuries to their occupants. In Oakland, Cal., the giant Morrell airship burst in midair and in the presence of ten thousand spectators its fifteen occupants were hurled to the ground, sustaining serious injuries, and that all escaped immediate death seems incredible. Seven are seriously hurt, however, and possibly one may not live. In Toledo, Ohio, while attempting to make a flight across the city, Roy Knabenshue and his two assistants also miraculously escaped death when the engine became disabled and the airship fell several thousand feet and crashed into the center field "bleachers" at the ball park. On the same day at Hammondsport, N. Y., the operator handling Baldwin's airship did not appreciate the strong wind and the machine "turned turtle" and finally came to earth bottom side up, seriously damaging the mechanism, though the engineer was not hurt. Meantime, much more encouraging reports have come from an aeroplane airship whose inventors refuse to give out any facts for publication, but whose apparent success has lead to flattering reports of the new invention.

Senator Platt is Acquitted. At last the much advertised suit brought by Miss Mae Wood against Senator Platt, of New York, in which she appeals for a divorce from the man whom she claims married her, has been brought to a conclusion and Judge O'Gorman dismissed the case and committed Miss Wood to jail for perjury. In the eyes of the law, Senator Platt stands acquitted, but in the higher court of public opinion he is convicted beyond possibility of appeal, convicted of outraging all the laws of common decency, not to mention the higher laws of man and God. It is much to be hoped that no longer will the Senate of the United States be dishonored by having such men in its membership.

Plans City Milk Farm. Commissioner of Health Dr. Evans very wisely demands that a model farm be established where milk for babies can be secured under conditions that will insure purity and quality, so that the enormous morality of infants may be greatly reduced. In the face of the statistics for the past few years, it would seem manifest that any civilization which boasts loyalty to the demands of humanity would take speedy action to put an end to the wholesale murder of children—which is hardly too strong a term for characterizing the results of using the milk supplied by the city dairies.

A Prohibition School Board. Half in jest and half in earnest, the members of the city school board debated at some length a rule presented by Trustee Post, requiring total abstinence on the part of engineers. The proposed rule was pigeon-holed by a vote of thirteen to six, but during the debate Trustee Garts moved to have the law applied to principals, teachers, all employees of the board and the members of the board itself. On this motion he forced a roll call and secured seven votes of a total of nineteen present. The final action of the board, however, was simply that engineers must not use intoxicants while on duty and must refrain from getting drunk at any time under penalty of discharge.

Woman's Suffrage in England Prime Minister Asquith has taken a decided step in the direction of encouraging the enfranchisement of women in his reply to the delegation of radical members of the House of Commons who came seeking his views on the matter. He declared that the government intended before the close of the present Parliament to pass a comprehensive measure of electoral reform; while disclaiming his own advocacy of woman suffrage he asserted that, if any amendment was offered to the projected reform bill favoring the enfranchisement of women, he would not oppose it. He added, however, that no change could be carried through with effect until the women of the country, as well as the electors were behind it. The report of this speech by Minister Asquith was received in Chicago with great joy and local suffragists prophesied that it would give an appreciable impetus to the fight of this country for the ballot for every woman.

C. A. O.

A Voice From the Pews

If anything had been wanted by the "Voice" from the pews in corroboration of last week's "Testimony," surely the need was met in the sermon by the poet, Wilbur D. Nesbit, given in All Souls pulpit on May the twenty-fourth.

Long ago the writer felt Mr. Nesbit's "Sermons in Song," the effect of early and thorough familiarity with the Bible, and was not surprised when he referred in this sermon to his early training in religious habits, and confessed the debt he owed to his parents and his Scotch-Covenanter grandmother, whose "strenuous" teaching, though at that time scarcely appreciated by the poet and his youngest brother, he now remembers gratefully.

It was a most beautiful, poetical and helpful sermon, and the Voice can only regret that so many who COULD have been uplifted and cheered for another "week's march" had not come "to the synagogue on the Sabbath day." Another opportunity lost for a vision of truth.

Surely Mrs. Browning wrote truly when she said: "The poets are the only truth-tellers now left to God," and both she and our modern poet were surely inspired when they gave the higher meaning to work. Both Mrs. Browning and Mr. Nesbit have taught us that instead of a curse and a hardship, work is the greatest blessing that could come to us. Do you not recall those significant lines Mrs. Browning put in the mouth of one of her heroines:

> "Get leave to work
> In this world—'tis the best you get at all;
> For God, in cursing gives us better gifts
> Than men in benediction. God says,
> 'Sweat
> For foreheads,' men say 'crowns'—
> * * * *
> Get work, get work;
> Be sure 'tis better than what you work to get!"

While Mr. Nesbit was referring to the religious training of his childhood, I was reminded of Ruskin's story of the same period of his life. He says as soon as he could read, his mother taught him faithfully from the Bible and by the time he was twelve years old she has taken him through it six times, and much of it he was obliged to learn by rote. He regards this the most important part of his education, especially for its influence on his use of the English language. And also going to "meeting" with his mother at the call of the "first bell."

Did you ever stop to think of the silent but pervasive influence of our churches? The mere piling up of brick and stone for sacred uses makes its impress on our lives. The spire and dome and bell-tower symbolize man's aspiration. Enter one of these houses built for God's uses—I care not under what name it is called—even on a weekday, and mayhap not another being visible, and you are helped and uplifted; you feel it is truly a sanctuary. You can sit in quiet meditation, maybe only a few minutes, lift up a silent prayer for peace and strength, then go on your busy way "renewed" for the day's struggle. For this reason I would have every "House of God" open every day of the week, that every burdened or worshipful soul might enter and lift up his heart. The thoughts of home and mother and early life would come to many a weary one, and familiar hymns his mother loved would again sing in his tired brain and heart until the words themselves would come to mind, and perhaps leave the benison of peace, as he walked out again to the rush and road of the trading marts of life.

I wonder how it would seem—if we could imagine such a scene—to have a city or village without one church or "synagogue" in it; no house dedicated to worship, no spire reaching heavenward, no bell-tower from which would come the call to prayer and praise? No, we do not want to imagine such a picture. But is it not a sadder one—a country with its houses built to God's worship neglected,—its people pleasure-mad? Let us have pleasure, surely, but let us not forget that part of *one* day in the seven, at least, is our duty, and should be our "custom"—enhancing our pleasure tenfold. We need a time apart, a little sweet, restful solitude each day—and most of all do we need leading into higher thought one day in seven. Physically we tire of the level land and yearn for mountain heights; so, spiritually, there comes to each of us a time when "the hills draw us."

UNITY'S THIRTIETH REGIMENT

Pledges for Thirty Dollar Subscriptions to the Unity Endowment Fund

Our friend Miller sends with his subscription renewal the following bit of ancient history which we have had reproduced for the benefit of the younger and rising generation. It probably is the first bit of printing promulgated in the interest of the venture that is now trying to marshal its Thirtieth Regiment, ten companies of a hundred each, soldiers who will celebrate UNITY's thirty years by the good will offering of a dollar a year.

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Yours for F. F & C. in R.
M. J. MILLER.
Minister of Unitarian Society of Geneseo, Ill.

GENESEO, Ill., Dec. 1st, 1877.

The above postal card was the seed out of which grew UNITY. Our more youthful readers can judge how happily was the purpose phrased and how far the purposes have been realized. Of the thirteen names that represent the "corporal squad," which thirty-one years ago started out on the campaign, five have won out and have gone beyond, leaving behind them rich harvest sheaves—Simmons, Chadwick, Frothingham, Learned and the deft Miss Roberts; five more have been released from the exactions of a calling, most of them working more effectively on the freer lines—Higginson, Savage, Collyer, Gannett and Miller, while only three of the thirteen are still in harness, tugging away at the load they then voluntarily assumed in addition to their ministerial and more local duties—Sunderland, Wendte and Jones.

The above scrap of "ancient history" will mean but little to the careless more recent arrival, but it means much to the veterans of the "Old Guard." We hope the reproduction may speed the enlistment in the perennial Thirtieth Regiment. Comrades, pass in your recruiting papers.

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THE WATCH TOWER:
C. A. Osborne Willard B. Thorp Payson S. Wild

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THE FIELD

"The World is my Country, to do good is my Religion."

Foreign Notes

APROPOS OF CERTAIN GENEVA MONUMENTS.—It was in the course of some recent discussion between our good friends, Edwin D. Mead and Rev. Charles W. Wendte, concerning Calvin, that attention was first called to a new project for the erection of a monument to Servetus at Geneva. The Genevans being actively engaged at present in preparations for their great Calvin celebration next year and with plans for an imposing Reformation monument, these articles, by men so well remembered in connection with the liberal congress of 1905, did not pass unnoticed in that city. That the discussion in the pages of UNITY was being followed with keen interest over there was soon evident by the receipt of a private letter taking exception to certain points in Mr. Wendtes' first article and particularly to the seeming endorsement of this new Servetus project, which it was charged had not been started in good faith and owed most of its support to ignorance of what had already been done to honor the memory of Servetus in the city of his martyrdom. The committee of 1903, my correspondent stated, had recently been called together to consider the question of this new project, launched by Mr. Dide. In consultation with Prof. Edouard Montet, it was decided to prepare a note to be sent to various newspapers (particularly in the English speaking countries) explaining the situation, with a request for its publication.

Though Mr. Wendte in a subsequent article took occasion to discountenance the Dide project as discourteous and ill-timed, it seems only fair that the following communication from the Swiss committee, addressed to the editor of UNITY, should appear in these columns:

Sir: Hearing that circulars signed by Mr. Dide and a certain number of other persons are asking for moral and financial support from the Christians of America, and particularly the Unitarians, in favor of the erection of a statue of Servetus in Geneva, we feel it our duty to beg you to insert the following notice in your newspaper:

The committee appointed in 1903 to raise an "expiatory monument" for the execution of Servetus comprised Protestants belonging to all shades of theology and represented the unanimous opinion of the Reformed French-speaking churches connected with Calvin.

It desired to publicly condemn the error committed by this execution and to testify to the firm attachment of the reformed churches or today to liberty of conscience according to the true principles of the Reformation and the Gospel.

But this committee strongly affirms that *it has nothing whatever to do* with the project for the statue recommended by Mr. Auguste Dide, late French Senator, now of Geneva. Mr. Dide's project is not supported by any group of Genevese citizens and it appears rather to be directed against Calvin and against the proposed monument to the Reformation than inspired by the wish to glorify the man who was at the same time a Christian who died for his convictions, a *savant* and a genial precursor in many fields.

Also the friends of Servetus are in the very act of erecting a monument to his memory in Vienna (in Dauphiny), to which names well known in the Protestant world have given their support.

Anyone desiring more information about the "expiatory monument" in Geneva can have it by applying to the Rev. Eug. Choisy, 4 Boulevard de la Tour, Geneva, Switzerland.

DEATH OF PROF. JEAN REVILLE.—Many will be pained by the following startling announcement in *La Semaine Religieuse* of May 9, evidently inserted at the very moment of going to press.

"Mr. Jean Reville, doctor of theology, professor of the history of religions at the *Collège de France*, formerly professor at the *École des hautes études*, and in the faculty of Protestant Theology at Paris, author of numerous and scholarly works and representative of the most advanced liberal Protestantism, died in Paris on the night of May 6-7, at the age of 54 years, as the result of a surgical operation."

It was but last September that we saw him taking his usual active part in the Liberal Congress at Boston. M. E. H.

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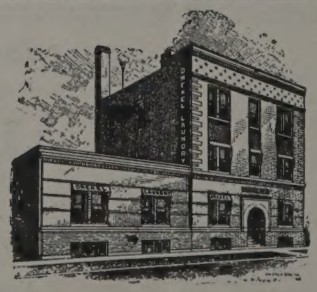

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